Revenging Farce

Insist on righteousness,
anew, as

your fastened eyes
affright again.

Next time, cowards
laugh, trust-

ing there’s an
end of it. Bide

your hallowed space & then:
eviscerate them

mid-dance—it’s your
bounden duty.

In the melee other dancers
fall.

The collateral benefit of
lust.

In the 19th century history was supposed to repeat itself: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce.